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Borgia : a Tragedy. By HENRY T. WORLEY, Esq.

THERE is a strange anomaly in the nature of man : though ever grasping at enjoyment and toiling after pleasure, he yet finds the loftiest luxury in those scenes which are adverse to mirth. The Tragic muse invites us to those banquets of the soul which the Comic one in vain would emulate, and, paradox as it may seem, there may be fulness of enjoyment venting its overflowing in a sigh, while the pleasure that was expressed by a smile might be but as lip-deep as its own manifestation. The elements of sublimity amalgamate not with mirth : they may be found amid the storm and the tempest both of the material and immaterial world, amid the clash of the thunder or the fury of the passions, but never are they discoverable in the gay sunshine of a cloudless sky, nor in the echoes of a merry laugh.

So, then, Tragic sublimity opens to us a field of exquisite and elevating soul-enjoyment, and a fine tragedy is therefore one of the highest efforts of human genius. Seldom, indeed, and in proportion to its dignity, do we meet with this enjoyment—but we have it here. There is a simple dignity in this tragedy of “Borgia,” a chaste severity in its arrangements, which, whether the result of art competent to hide itself, or of a deep interest in the author all engrossed by the oneness of his subject, and not to be turned aside from the sole and single view by any minor interventions, powerfully, in either case, enhancing the interest of the passion of this play. The character of the “Borgia,” a being who fixes our gaze with the power of the basilisk’s spell, is a grand conception of splendid sin. The combination of the woman with all her graces, a species of nobility in her dignity, of sentiment in her pride, of poetry in her sentiments, of philosophy in her recklessness, stand out more prominently for having the

fiend in her heart. It is as if the lurid light of hell shone out of the finest mortal eyes, and irradiated the fairest countenance. Strange anomaly of all that is best and worst—an angel form inspired with Satanic spirit. This, then, is the “Borgia;” not a creature of vulgar passions or vulgar purposes, but one who links philosophy and refinement, like the enchainment of the glorious and gladsome to the putrid and loathsome, and commands the mingled emotions of admiration and horror;—one whose vast imagination could alone have conceived the crimes the supremacy of her genius could alone have accomplished; one whose deeds echo through the land with murderous horror; whose name is a byword and reproach; whose breath is a pestilence; the faintest ringing of whose dulcet voice is a doom; whose beauty is a blight;—one who, when told

“Here in Venice,
Some hate that tremble not,”

replies,

“Then I’m no Borgia.”

And yet, within the core of this majestic, beautiful, incarnate evil, one divine impulse, one pure and holy emotion, rescuing her in some degree from the entirety of demoniac possession, rises like a heaven-born star in her soul. Maternal love, at once the holiest and strongest of human emotions, brings back the Borgia within the pale of our sympathies. She meets her son, and instinct, shaking the heart’s throne, tells her who ought to sit there. So comes the woman, and so shrinks the fiend. Thus speaks the mother to the son.

Lucretia Borgia. I’d have thee feel towards me as thou hadst
Known me from infancy—as though the first
Of thy young thoughts back-running memory finds
Were of some little pleasure I had wrought thee
Sweeter than largest after ones; I would be
’Mongst thy mind’s habitants as the fond kind nurse
Had carried thee; coax’d thee with hushing tales
Oft baulk’d thy humours, yet not chidingly,
But only of her fears; taught thee thy prayers,
And how to crook thy knees, how build thy hands,
I’ the uttering them; was to thee i’ the place
Of the lost trunk and fountain of thy life
That thou didst never see.

Gennaro. Where’s the hot blood
That did with such a quick and filling tide
Course through my ridgy veins? Queen-seeming stranger,
What’s i’ thy words, that they should have such power
More than the natural?

Lucretia Borgia. ’Tis an honest power,
Come it from where it will. Hast ever wished
That thou hadst known thy mother?

Gennaro. What a thrill
Shoots through me with that word! Mysterious being!
Majestic as mysterious—fair as both—
I do adjure thee, answer me, Didst thou know her?

Lucretia Borgia. Even as she knew herself; she was a woman,
Being much sinn’d against, had done much sin;

But they that told her evil nothing told
Of the offence that caus'd it.

Gennaro.

My poor mother!

Lucretia Borgia. Bless thee for speaking of her in such tone!
I am sure thou wouldst have loved her, hadst thou known her.

Gennaro. Oh, tell me of her—

Beseech thee tell me of her! On my knees,
I do implore thee tell me all thou knowest
Of her whom I am part of! Oh, how often—
How earnestly, yet ever to no end,
Have I entreated of the rugged hind
With whom I pass'd my years, till the last twain—
A cold and clownish herdsman, of scant speech,
That had his dwelling midst the Apennine, —
Who were my parents—what their lot of life—
Why they did quit me to the alien hand,
If they still lived? and twenty other questions,
That curious Nature prompted, to all which
Either he answered nothing, or with speech
Purposely from the purpose strove to turn
My thoughts to other things.

Lucretia Borgia.

Did never word,

In some soft moment that the sternest have
When they feel happy, from his lips escape
Whence thou mightst guess their name? Bethink thee, Gennaro!
Did he say nothing to thee?

Gennaro.

Nothing, lady,

Or what did 'mount to nothing; thus much only:
Being one day wearied with my urgency,
For so I did his patience importune
Even as the unjust judge—
He told me that my father died ere I
Could syllable his name, and my poor mother,
Girt with strong enemies that strove to quench
My infant and new-lighted spark of life
Gave me in charge to him. Their name, their country,
Condition, and strange accidents of life
(For strange they must have been that did so chance,)
Of these he dropp'd no hint.

Lucretia Borgia.

Why didst thou leave him?

Gennaro. Because I did not love him, nor the life
I led with him.

Lucretia Borgia. And whether wentst thou, then?

Gennaro. To Venice, lady, where a scarr'd old sergeant,
That chanced to pass an hour in our cottage,
Told me the state lack'd soldiers. He had fain
I took the Borgia's service, but such tales
Of the accursed Lucretia of that name
Had spread even to our solitude, that I
Had sooner entered Satan's.

Lucretia Borgia.

What a sting

His witless words ensheathe! Be not thus rash
Of speech, my Gennaro, for the world oft talks
Evil or good, of those that merit neither,
Being by their motives judged and not their actions;
And such may be the Borgia.

Gennaro.

Stain not thou

Thy beautiful and mercy-dropping lip

With speech of such as her ; for her deeds pass
 The measurement of man ; and to embrace
 The waist of her offences but belongs
 To the Eternal span. But, of my mother—
 Beseech thee, of my mother ! Oh, couldst tell
 How sweet, how precious, 'bove its fellow sounds,
 Is every letter that doth spell that name,
 Thou would'st not grudge me all thou knowest of her—
 I do entreat thee, tell me !

Lucretia Borgia. Thou almost
 Persuad'st me to thy wish.

Gennaro. Be quite a Christian,
 Doing a Christian's deed ; and if she live not,
 (As sure she cannot live so long away,)
 Thou for thy tender tale, shall be to me
 In my dead mother's place.

Lucretia Borgia. How to decide ?
 That is the question in this strong dilemma.

Gennaro. Why dost thou stand thus rapt ?

Lucretia Borgia. Imperial fate !
 The world's great axle, whereon all things wheel,
 How dost thou turn all thing to thy completing !
 Come hither, Gennaro ;
 Bethink thee,—for the skies do often use
 With our own vows to vex us, that so taught
 We might to the Eternal leave to choose
 His bounties and our own necessities—
 Bethink thee,—should thy mother prove a thing
 Most opposite what thou would'st have her be,
 Bloody and lewd, that worshipped her own will,
 And own'd no God beside ; in all her ways,
 And very elements that made her up,
 So awful and so strange, earth did did not hold,
 Nor limning fancy feign her like in hell,
 Or such was deemed to be—which to all else—
 Save to ourselves, differs not from to be ?
 Could—could'st thou love her still ?

Gennaro. Thou dost but seek
 To scare me with wild words ; but Heaven to hear,
 Be she to others what she will, to me
 She shall be mother still !

Lucretia Borgia. My mind's made up ;
 And come what may, I will this thing unfold—
 Hist ! one doth come this way !— [Putting on her mask.]

So am I safe.

(Enter *Maffio*, *Oloferno*, *Ascanio*, and *Jeppo*.)

Maffio. Halt with the lights there ; noble Gennaro,
 Knows't thou with whom thou talkest ?

Oloferno. Thou dream'st not
 What baleful planet doth conceal its fires
 Behind yon cloudy visor.

Ascanio. Oh, thou art snared,
 And by a luring Lamia 'trapped to love
 One that 'longs not to earth.

Jeppo. Behold the hand,
 Foul screech o' the night, shall drag thee from thy bush,
 And blink thy sight with day !

* * * *

Maffio. Is it even so ?
Hath she no accents left to shape her name ?
Then will I to her black and sinful soul
Strike with the sound of mine. Madam, look on me !
I am one Maffio Orsini, nephew
To noble Duke Gravina, whom thy ruffians
Stabb'd in his dead of sleep.

Oloferno. Madam, look on me !
I am one Oloferno Vitellozzi,
Brother of Oppiani ; in whose cup,
At thine own festive but most fatal board
Thou didst put poisonous drugs, so more securely
To lay his coffers waste.

Ascanio. Madam, look on me !
I am one Ascanio Petrucci, son
Of Old Petrucci, Signior of Sienna,
Whose grey and reverend head thou didst strike off
To sieze on his broad lands.

Jeppo. Madam, look on me !
My name is Jeppo Leveretti, cousin
To valiant Count Vitelli, whom thou hadst
Slain in a gaol at Rome.

Lucretia Borgia. O God, O God !
Uproot the based hills and let the mountains
Fall on and cover me !

Gennaro. My flow of blood,
Turns to cold ice—my heart stands still and beats not !

Lucretia Borgia (falling on her knees before Gennaro, and taking his hand.)

Gennaro—sweet Gennaro ! do not heed these men !

Some enemy hath set them on to this ;
I did not do the things they charge me with !
Upon my soul, I did not ! Oh, I'll swear—

Maffio. Till thou art black with lies and still swear on,
Thou blushless piece of falsehood ! Gennaro, 'tis Lucretia Borgia—

Raymond : a Tale of Truth.

We have all felt, at different seasons of our lives, how sweet it is to turn from the passionate and exciting, and rest our wearied spirit on the soft, the composing, and the natural. It is this feeling which makes the soldier turn from the so-called glory of the battle-field, and shutting his ear to the notes of the shrill fife, and the roll of the deep drum, seek for silence and loneliness ; it is this that sends the merchant, the financier, and the minister, from active enterprise and deep thought, to seek for rest in the bosom of the social circle ; it is this which diffuses the crowding inhabitants of our vast metropolis through every green hamlet and shady nook of our provinces through the smiling summer ; and it is exactly with this feeling, that passing from the bustle, the turmoil, and the excitement of more impassioned spirits, that " Raymond " ought to be read. Turning from stimulants, we crave the healing balm of soothing influence. Passion and ambition rest from their mastership, the affections expand and blossom,

and there is a benignant calm diffusing itself over the soul, the result of so and happy and renovating an influence.

The design of the author has been to make "Raymond" a tale of truthful nature. It is a vulgar error to count things large or trivial, and to suppose that one of the atomic events which compose our life's history is of less account than that which is usually estimated as its greatest. The most minute action that man can perform may be that which shall most affect his own destiny, and have the widest influence on the circumstances of others. "Raymond" is written on the recognition of this truth, and therefore it is that the author has chosen to refresh our spirits by lingering in the balmy air of unsophisticated nature, and developing the detail of his narrative amid the placid scenes of country life. Home affections and home feelings, have here their fullest influence. The gentlest emotions hold the strongest sway: they are those which are the most instantly recognised, and have the widest field of power. Those whose hearts are most open to the natural affections, and least adulterated by the passions, will find a renovating rest from the perusal of this work, whilst those who are sinking under the exhaustion of over-excited spirits will experience a revival of mental strength from the air of its simple truth and nature.

There is a transition in the scenes of the narrative from happy and peaceful country life in England, to the east with all its palmy greatness and glowing gorgeousness: the fate of Seringapatam and the fortunes of Tippoo Saib have their influence on the life of our hero. It is from this portion of the work that we select our extract. Old Thoma, a Syriac Christian, his daughter Ursula, and their menaced tribe, seeking succour from menaced destruction, are here brought upon the scene.

"The deputation was at length on foot, and Ursula drew Raymond to the outer door, by her spontaneous, fervent benediction, to watch its progress through the long defile, by which a wider plain found entrance to that small valley where old Thoma dwelt. The cavalcade moved on. Many a holy and fearless man was there, but meek and low was the mien and carriage of them all. Ursula's father was among them; his venerable person and manner was characteristic of each person; he wore the sacerdotal dress of deep red silk—worn also by the Cassanars—flowing long and gracefully down to the ground; his feet were sandalled, and his whitened beard swept long and mournfully now upon his pensive breast. At this distance, peculiar features could not well be seen, but the eager eye of the anxious maiden sought for her father among the pastoral band. Raymond read the meaning of her varying gaze, and met in the silent admiration of her full, beaming eyes, as they returned to his, in token of the object being found that satisfied their affectionate solicitude: a moment, and they fell, confused and moistened, to his feet! The emotion, if any such there was, besides the thought which centred in her father, was but momentary, for Raymond was enjoined to seek, by her description, the figure of the apostolic Thoma.

"It is difficult to find a language that will comport with sage and ancient dignity, and with kindly domestic love, in one essay; yet here, with the Indo-Christians, these features of the social mind were commonly united. The sweep and swell of epic description are alone in keeping with the one; yet the dulcet mildness of the other must be there, or words would never reach the heart, to which the whole delineation is addressed. So, then,

let each most courteous reader imagine here the completed portraiture, though but a feeble sketch of these most patriarchal worthies be here attempted; it wants an able hand, indeed, to paint the form of noble beauty smiling benignant at the heart.

"The cavalcade, we observed, moved on. The good archbishop, it is said, was there to precede them, though aged and infirm; he alone was mounted on a goodly sumpter mule, while his modest clergy accompanied him on foot. The housings of the quiet animal were mostly bordered white, and appeared from a distance, spotless as a flake of snow. The bishop himself was dressed in a vestment of dark red silk; a large golden cross hung from his neck, to which the beams of the sun gave the diverging rays of a star. His venerable beard reached below his girdle. He was by very far the most majestic in his appearance of the Syrians there; but the suavity of his deportment was in perfect harmony with his Christian profession. A youthful Cassanar beside him carried the sacred emblem of his charge, the pastoral staff, and led the patient mule.

"Around and behind the deputation rode about five hundred Maratta cavalry, curvetting and prancing in wild military glory. Occasionally, one fleeing from the rest, seemed in pursuit of an object swift and chivalrous as he—yet nothing was before him!—then waving his light bornouse around his graceful form, and fluttering above his head, he ambled up to his troop again, and fell back quietly amidst the ranks. And this samk deputation was journeying through the bright land of the vine, the anana, the olive, and the pomegranate. Here verdure realized to imagination the deep intensity of spreading emeralds. Their path was amidst the sands of gold, where the glittering waters laved the 'sparkling diamond's eyes!'

"They were journeying now beneath the brow of an abrupt and almost mountainous hill; its top was crowned with a dark grove of stately trees. The cedar and the gloomy cypress were there, with the broad fans of the palm and plantain—here were the low acacia and the choice magnolia. The banian tree rooted its fibres there, making many a sylvan temple, most sacred to the God of all creation. These formed a dark and thoughtful shade, impervious to the orient sun that rolled above them; and many an hour did the sorrowful eyes of the young Englishman rest upon the dark line which they made along the distant sky at eventide, while he silently mused on the scenes of his childhood, or recalled the benevolent image of his uncle, bending under the weight of years and depression. These were hours very dear to the Syriac maiden, for she never was more at ease with the stranger than then. Pensive, yet communicative, Raymond narrated every incident in the history of his life which memory had stored up, and, like the Moorish soldier's tale, it found a sanctuary in the attentive maiden's breast, in which to lie inhumed.

"At this period, Raymond did not dream of being secured by love's enthralling chains again; but, without reflection, he continually paid to Ursula the heart's best homage; and the ardent piety breathed with her constant, rich, low tones, became habitually dear to him. He honoured Ursula with an attention quite as essential to his own tranquillity as to hers, and yet reflected not that he was about to leave secluded Travancore, and all its quiet harmony and love. A prisoner he was no longer belonging to Mysore, for Tippoo granted him his freedom before entering on his long, uncertain journey; but Raymond would never leave St. Vincent to languish in captivity unheeded. Yet this, for the most part, belongs to the sequel of our narrative; and it is important to return to the eventful period at which the deputation set forth upon their road to Tippoo's camp.

"There was a night of quietness and soft repose, on which the lingerers in the valley-home watched away a tropical twilight. The hour had passed at which the curfew tolls in churches of our western island—dun

and grey ; the Bul-bul poured in even stream his honeyed melody upon the wistful ear of night ; still Raymond listened in the cottage porch, for much he loved to lengthen out enjoyment of these days among the mountains.

" Films and exhalations rolled in smoky columns along the lower valleys. Alive to every sound and pastoral sensation, the ear gave heed as the wild buffalo made the affrighted echo scream, when she sent back the winding of his impatient bellow from the distant savannas. Hour after hour passed : still Raymond watched, and fitfully sighed as he roused him to listen again. Sleep seemed for that night to have fled from his eyelids, so little inclined was the watcher of night for repose.

" Again, every sound was hushed !—not a zephyr was abroad—the night was intensely hot, and darkness laid like an additional pressure upon every living thing. Raymond bestirred him to thread the encircling veranda, in search of a breath of cool air. It was during the dry season in India, and he languished for invigoration from his native western gales ; still he continued to move from side to side of the enclosure, when his attention was awakened by a portentous sound of thundering artillery ; and presently a fearful lurid light appeared above the line of groves, which to the astonished gaze of Raymond seemed to join earth and heaven in a general conflagration. ' Ursula ! Ursula ! ' cried the young man, as he approached the low window. ' Tippoo is abroad,' added he ; ' Merciful God defend the Christians ! He has burned the old town Angamallee.'

" Ursula was soon close at his side, and in anguish unutterable beheld the monstrous red light above the trees. ' My father !—oh, my father ! ' cried the bewildered maiden ; ' will the savage sultan spare thy meek grey hairs ? ' "

We leave our readers to pursue this narrative for themselves. We doubt not this extract will prove their best inducement.

The Life and Times of Girolamo Savonarola ; illustrating the progress of the Reformation in Italy, during the fifteenth century.

Luther, if the greatest, was not the sole, Apostle of the Reformation. If, with the strength of a Goliath, he overturned the temple of Rome, others, his precursors, shook its pillars. A world may behold the glory of a conqueror, but the discerning few will note in the efforts which bring destruction on those who make them more self-devotion to a purpose than they can even imagine in the man whose reward is his success. Again, the first effort, though the feeblest, is also the noblest. He who originates a lofty and a daring measure, is as great, if not greater, than he who carries it into execution. There is heroism in adventuring our all without hope. He who is encouraged by a prize, labours and struggles for it, whilst he who pants in some holy cause sees his motive only, and forgets everything of self ; never either contemplating penalties or payments, but looking with a single eye to the high motive of his emprise ; and though his endeavours may be futile, though his struggle may be but the fluttering of the frail wing of some captive bird, yet he is the pioneer of thought, the leader of men's minds, the rudder of the mighty vessel which he may not even know that he is guiding. Yes, it is assuredly the first footprint in a new path which makes the road easy for others following.

Girolamo Savonarola was one of those whose honest and truth-seeking spirit struggled through all the bigotry and mental darkness

of an age of the Church's debasement and humiliation. He became the prophet of that Church's downfall, and consequently provoked the enmity of the unscrupulous Alexander the Sixth, the father of the Borgia. Nature had done much for Savonarola, and his condition of life conferred upon him peculiar advantages. His grandfather had left the profession of arms to devote himself to the arts and sciences, and under his tutorage the boy imbibed a love of learning which is, indeed, not only the graceful handmaid, but the strong champion of religion. While yet a youth, the canonization of Catherine of Sienna took place, and there is little doubt made a strong impression on his susceptible nature. Though surrounded by all the pleasures of society, his mind gradually estranged itself from the world, and, after nursing for a while that heaven-born passion, which in early and ardent youth seems sometimes to partake of the nature of an earthly love, and is all-glowing and excitable, he deserted from his father's home, and joined a Dominican order at Bologna. Thus thrown into the bosom of religious seclusion, Savonarola was left to see with his own eyes, investigate with his own judgment, weigh in his own balance; and thus the Reformer was nurtured in the very bosom of the Church, and from her own teaching taught to protest against herself. But ere this came to pass the future martyr had to pass through much mental training. He was invited to Florence, and fostered by the Medici, and though refusing to acknowledge Lorenzo's authority, was yet borne through unscathed, and acquired influence both with prince and people. But at length the Prophet of Florence and the Pope of Rome became as adversaries; the war was open, and the honour of martyrdom hung over the head of Savonarola. Citation was followed by excommunication; persecution ensued, and then came the torture, the gallows, and the flame, and the martyr's task was done.

The name of Girolamo Savonarola is scarcely known in English literature, though, as one of the procurors of the Reformed Church, it deserves signal commemoration. Since the task has not been performed before, we rejoice that it has now been done so well. There is evidence of much research, and we have been well pleased with the discrimination with which the feelings of the young devotee are traced from his boyhood to his prime. There is a deep interest in watching the *progress of mind*, and when we are able thus to track the mental way of illustrious men, the study is as interesting as it is profitable. We owe some gratitude also to this author for thus furnishing us with a view of the precursor of Luther, who was born on the very day when Savonarola preached his first sermon, and who not only studied his works, but published his Exposition of two of the psalms with a preface of his own, in which he recognized and honoured him as a kindred spirit. The work is interesting as a biography, and is a desirable addition to English literature.

We give a tragic scene of the triune execution of Domenico da Pescia, Silvestro Maruffi, and Savonarola, his companions in suffering being brothers of the same order.

"On May 22, the sentence was made known to the brothers, and the execution on the following day announced, and, according to custom, a

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priest appointed to converse with each. Savonarola and Fra Domenico were very composed—the latter wrote besides to the brothers at Fièsole, where he was prior, admonishing them to continue in love and holy exercises—to pray for them, and to bring the writings of Savonarola from his cell into the library—and to place a copy in the Refectory, to read out from them at times at table. At their request to confess, three Benedictines were granted, and not, as would have been fair, members of their order.

“In the evening, Savonarola asked permission to speak with his companions in suffering, which was accorded, at the intercession of his spiritual attendant, whereupon all three were allowed to converse together, and fettered by their feet, an hour long in the hall of the palace. Fra Domenico had in the ‘zeal of martyr-error,’ desired to be burned alive. Savonarola dissuaded him from this wish. ‘It less becomes us,’ said he, ‘to select our manner of death, since we know not whether we shall be able to bear it.’ Silvestro Maruffi also wished to assert openly on the day of execution their innocence. But Savonarola dissuaded him; citing the example of Christ, who with the most perfect innocence did not choose to testify it on the cross.

“At early dawn of May 22, all three came once more together to receive the sacrament. Then Savonarola thus prayed aloud—‘Lord, I know Thou art the true Creator of the world, and of the race of men. I know Thou art the holy indivisible Trinity, I know Thou art the eternal Word, who didst come from heaven to earth in the virgin womb of Mary; Thou hast raised thyself upon the tree of the cross, to shed thy holy blood for our sins and our misery. To Thee I pray, my Lord; to Thee I pray, my Saviour; to Thee I pray, my Comforter, that Thy sacred blood may not be shed in vain for me, that it may flow for the forgiveness of all my sins. For them do I entreat Thy pardon, for all that I have committed from the day of my baptism to this moment. Before Thee I confess my guilt; I pray Thee forgive me all the wrong I have done to this city and people in spiritual and temporal things, and all that I cannot know of myself, O Lord, in which I have gone astray. In lowliness I beg forgiveness of all who are assembled around me, and that they may pray for me, that Thou mayest strengthen me in my last hour, and that the enemy may not obtain dominion over me.’

“Having so prayed, Savonarola administered the sacrament to himself, and then to them, on which the brothers were conducted down the stairs. Meanwhile Savonarola addressed words of consolation and exhortation to his brother, Silvestro Maruffi, who had shown himself till then less composed. They were led through the large hall which, at Savonarola’s suggestion, had been built for the reception of the general council, and during their passage exposed to much insult, then brought to the Piazza. A funeral pile was heaped around three stakes, on the very spot where, a few weeks before, stood that which was intended for the ordeal by fire. The same multitude assembled, with the same eager curiosity, but with less uproar; the enemies of the Piagnoni were appeased by the prospect of speedy vengeance, and their friends terrified into silence. When Domenico arrived at the stake he said to the bystanders, ‘Why do you not prompt me to say the Te Deum?’ they replied, ‘We should be cut to pieces.’ He then told them to join him in saying it softly. The confessor asking if Savonarola had any thing to say, he answered only, that he should pray for him, and admonish his followers not to be scandalized at his death. Silvestro, though before much dejected, felt his spirit revive as the hour approached.

“There were three different elevations erected on the place of execution; on the first, next the palace, stood the bishop of Vasona, Benedetto de Pagagnotti, a former pupil of Savonarola, who, by the strict command of the pope, though not without resistance, was compelled to disrobe the

brethren of their clerical dignity, and to read out to them the brief of degradation, already prepared on the 11th of May, wherein Savonarola was designated 'The son of blasphemy, the nursling of destruction, and the seducer of the people.' During the ceremony of stripping him of his sacerdotal dress, degrading him from his office, and expelling him from the Church, Savonarola remained silent and abstracted, as a man who had already separated himself from the world, wherein he had no longer any work to perform for his Divine Master; but when the bishop took him by the hand, and instead of the form, 'I separate thee from the Church Militant,' used the words, 'I separate thee from the Church Triumphant,' Savonarola replied, loud enough to be heard by those standing round, 'From the Militant, but not from the Triumphant; that thou canst not do.' Thus, while men cut him off from the visible church, his joyful hope of being admitted to the assembly of saints in the presence of his Lord grew brighter, and he felt himself once more not forsaken, but accepted in the beloved.

"From thence the brothers were led to the second tribunal, where the commissaries read the papal sentence, in which all three, without naming any particular crime, were condemned as heretics. Next something was offered them to eat and drink, which Savonarola refused with the words, 'For what purpose, when I am parting from life?' To another, who reminded him, for his consolation, of what he had formerly done, he replied, 'Praise and honour of men I need not.' And when a priest, of the name of Nerotto, asked him if he went composed and quietly to meet death, he replied, 'Should I not willingly die for His sake who willingly died for me, a sinful man?' Thereupon Remolino addressed to all three the words, 'His Holiness Alexander VI. frees you from the punishment of purgatory, gives you perfect remission of your sins, and places you in the state of your innocence;' which words the so-pardoned having heard with sunken head, withdrew.

"At the third tribunal they were received by the Eight in council, where the sentence of the Signory having been read, they were then given over to the executioners. Arrived at the place of execution, the confessor asked Savonarola whether he had yet any thing to say before his last journey: 'Pray for me,' said Savonarola, 'and tell my friends that they take no offence at my death, but continue in my doctrine and in peace.'

"On the middle of the place was the scaffold erected, from which a high stake with a cross beam was raised. Silvestro first mounted the ladder, calmly and in silence, but with a tear in his eye; Fra Domenico followed him on the other side of the cross; and lastly Savonarola, for whom the middle place was destined, ascended the fatal steps, pronouncing to himself the Apostles' Creed. In the last moment Silvestro cried with a loud voice, 'Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit!' When come to the top, Savonarola once more, and for the last time, raised his eyes, and surveyed the thickly crowded throng of people. For them the executioner had intended a peculiar spectacle; he wished to fasten in such haste the iron round the neck of Savonarola, and in the same instant to light the pile, that Savonarola, in dying, should be seized with a double pain; but he lost the iron among the faggots, and while he was seeking it, Savonarola had already given up the ghost. Also a scandalous man, who had been under the former government exiled from the city, but had lately returned, expressed his joy that he should now see Savonarola burned, whom he would have gladly helped to the stake; then taking a burning faggot, he assisted to light the torture pile, without the authorities present saying a word. Below there stood some wicked youths, who threw stones in such a mass, that the executioner could only save himself with difficulty. Although soldiers were posted round the place, they could not hinder pieces of Savonarola's body falling into the hands of some individuals. The joy of his enemies mingled with the rude cry of the crowd,

‘Now, brother, it is time to do miracles.’ In the same moment a violent wind drove the scarcely-kindled fire so strongly on one side, that for a long while it did not touch his body. Universal fear seized on the multitude, so that they hastened from the spot; but the fire re-united, and the crowd returned. While Savonarola’s arm was burning, they saw his right hand still raised with two fingers, as if he yet wished to speak his blessing on the people. Soon, however, the bodies mingled themselves with the ashes, which were taken thence in cars, and thrown from the old bridge into the Arno.”

Poems: Tributes to Scarborough, Odes on Wellington and Napoleon, Haddon Hall, Ode on the Ruins of Conisbro’ Castle, etc. etc. etc.
By BEN. FENTON.

If we were required to point out the happiest individual from among the varied personages who compose the dramatic corps of this working-day world, enacting now its comedies and now its tragedies, waking the echoes of sad sighs or merry laughter, we should assuredly lay our finger on the poet and say, “This is the man!” We would not admit that his sensitive temperament, his acute feelings, his ready susceptibility of sorrow, all the various inroads to pain and suffering, which lie open in him more than in other men, were sufficient drawbacks to neutralize his advantages. No, he who can find poetry in the sunshine, painting in the flower, glad pictures in every gleam of light, and imaginations in every shade; who hears a voice and utterance in all nature; who can pore over a stream and muse under a tree; who can dive into the deepest recesses of the earth or float from star to star on the wings of a thought; whose ear cannot catch a syllabled sound but it calls him into a world of visions; whose eye cannot snatch a beam of light, but it carries him up, it may be into heaven—this man must needs be happy! Oh, never tell us that the poet’s lot is one of suffering and sorrowing, increased and enhanced from the very refinement of his temperament! We say that while the mind triumphs over the body, the poet is happy even with beggary as his portion. We know that there are degrees in happiness, and that the poet’s heritage must vary in its vastness, but the diamond may have as fine a water whatever be its proportions.

Mr. Fenton possesses this poet’s vision. Looking through this brilliant atmosphere, he has fixed his eye on every varied object of interest that came within his ken. There is luxury to him in the beauty of natural scenery, hallowing reminiscences in every ancient tower or dwelling, responsive echoes to the power of music, a tender appreciation of natural feelings, a deep moral perception, but perhaps, above all, a glowingness in his spirit of patriotism which we admire as much as we honour. These are rare gifts, and they stamp the poet.

The patriotism of poetry has been marked with effects which prove its vast ascendancy over the mind. Battles have been won by the aid of a song. What can so soon kindle enthusiasm or warm the heart of the soldier, or what can better link the feelings of the man to the land of his birth? For ourselves, we love these outbursts of patriotism, which make men better citizens and truer sons of the great

family of home, and we give an extract of this class from the pen of Mr. Fenton.

“ My native land—my native land !
What land can vie with thee ;
The citadel of high emprise,
The kingdom of the free ?
Firm with thy guardian sea begirt,
That foams around thine isle,—
Thou, on the foes that menace thee,
Indignantly can smile.
My native land, dear England,
What land can vie with thee ?

Like the proud eagle in the sky,
That clings to heaven alone ;
Thou feel'st thy proud security,
Whilst other nations groan :
Thou feel'st, while oceans roll around,
An adamantine wall ;
The bravery that nerves thy sons,
Protects beyond them all.
My native land, &c.

To every clime beneath the sun,
On every foreign shore,
Indulgent heaven, in gracious mood,
Some gifts hath deign'd to pour.
But what hath she on each bestowed,
However great or rare,—
That, measured in its amplitude,
Can with thy bliss compare ?
My native land, &c.

What realm can boast the liberties,
That grace this happy land !
Or tell the charter'd rights that form,
The base on which they stand ?
Or show a king, obey'd by love,
Beyond a despot's will ;
By sacred laws, from wrongs restrain'd,
Sweet mercy's claims fulfil ?
My native land, &c.

Rome, in her highest day of fame,
And Greece, in all her pride,
By many a legislative change,
The art to govern tried.
In vain their boasted skill essay'd
That perfect form to bring ;
Like Britain's constituted code,
Her commons, lords, and king.
My native land, &c.

Justice with thee on solid base,
Her beauteous fabric rears ;
Secure the peasant as the prince,
Protected by his peers.

To each alike, her laws dispensed,
 Her cup to none runs o'er ;
 The poorest has impartial meed,
 The rich can gain no more.
 My native land, &c.

Thine only is the soil where man,
 Enjoys a full repose ;
 Whose head admits the law's restraint ;
 Whose heart with freedom glows.
 Where the paternal heritage,
 Bequeath'd from sire to son ;
 Dissever'd by no feudal lord,
 He proudly calls his own.
 My native land, &c.

Though oft on foreign climes the sun,
 More warm and equal rise ;
 Thine hardy race are born beneath,
 And temper'd to thy skies.
 Free from volcanic fires that whelm,
 Whole cities in their train,—
 Entomb'd for twice a thousand years,
 Now brought to light again.
 My native land, &c.

Of commerce the emporium,
 Whilst every sail unfurl'd ;
 Bears *from* or *to* thy favour'd coast,
 The produce of the world.
 The gifts that Nature's richest vein,
 Assigns to foreign shores ;
 Commerce, with lavish hand on thee,
 In rich profusion pours.
 My native land, &c.

Soaring aloft on mighty wing,
 Imperial science towers ;
 Her sons, where can they raise their head,
 With prouder front than ours ?
 And where can we, from Nature's mould,
 A nobler being scan,
 Than him, adorning court or glade,
 The English gentleman ?
 My native land, &c.

Thy blooming fair, with winning grace,
 In every shape display'd,—
 Features and form that captivate,
 In modesty array'd,
 Where is the land, in all her pride,
 Amidst her choicest flowers,
 Can show in lovely woman's wreath,
 A blush so bright as ours ?
 My native land, &c.

My native land, my native land,
 What poet's lay can tell,
 How full the tide of happiness
 Thy subjects' hearts that swell?
 Religion, order, dwell with thee,
 In simplest form confest;
 And all the gentle charities
 That humanize the breast.
 My native land, &c.

Then long mayest thou, my native land,
 Enjoy thy high behest;
 And still remain, as now thou art,
 The happiest, freest, best!
 And may the subjects of thy love,
 Recount their blessings o'er,
 And contrast thee with other lands,
 To cherish thee the more!
 My native land, dear England,
 What land can vie with thee?"

Memoirs of a Griffin; or, a Cadet's First Year in India. By CAPTAIN BELLEW. Illustrated from Designs by the Author.

We suppose it is just possible that a few of our readers may have lived till the year 1843 without precisely knowing to what branch of natural history to refer the "Griffin," and being thus in the dark, may refer to the established lexicographers without learning much more about the matter. For the benefit of those thus situated, we think we cannot do better than put them in possession of our author's description of the extraordinary animal thus designated.

"*Griffin*, or more familiarly a *Griff*, is an Anglo Indian cant term applied to all new-comers, whose lot has been cast in the 'gorgeous East.' Whether the appellation has any connexion with the fabulous compound, the gryps or gryphon of armorial blazoning, is a point which I feel myself incompetent to decide. A griffin is the Johnny Newcome of the East, one whose European manners and ideas stand out in ludicrous relief when contrasted with those, so essentially different in most respects, which appertain to the new country of his sojourn. The ordinary period of griffinhood is a year, by which time the *novus homo*, if apt, is supposed to have acquired a sufficient familiarity with the language, habits, customs, and manners of the country, both Anglo-Indian and Native, so as to preclude his making himself supremely ridiculous by blunders, *gaucheries*, and the indiscriminate application of English standards to states of things to which those rules are not always exactly adapted. To illustrate by example:—a good-natured Englishman, who should present a Brahmin who worships the cow with a bottle of beef-steak sauce, would be decidedly 'griffinish,' particularly if he could be made acquainted with the nature of the gift; nevertheless, beef-steak, *per se*, is an excellent thing in an Englishman's estimation, and a better still with the addition of the before-mentioned condiment. But to return to our subject.

"At the termination, then, of the above-mentioned period, our griffin, if he has made the most of his time, becomes entitled to associate on pretty

equal terms with those sun-dried specimens of the *genus homo*, familiarly called the 'old hands':—subs of fifteen years' standing, grey-headed captains, and superannuated majors, critics profound in the merits of a curry, or the quality of a batch of Hodgson's pale ale. He ceases to be the butt of his regiment, and persecutes in his turn, with the zeal of a convert, all novices not blessed with his modicum of local experience.

"Youth is proverbially of a plastic nature, and the juvenile griffin, consequently, in the majority of instances, readily accommodates himself to the altered circumstances in which he is placed; but not so the man of mature years, to whose moral and physical organization forty or fifty winters have imparted their rigid and unchangeable influences. Griffins of this description, which commonly comprises bishops, judges, commanders-in-chief, and gentlemen sent out on special missions, &c., protract their griffinage commonly during the whole period of their stay in the country, and never acquire the peculiar knowledge which entitles them to rank with the initiated. The late most excellent Bishop Heber, for example, who to the virtues of a Christian added all the qualities which could adorn the scholar and gentleman, was nevertheless an egregious griffin, as a perusal of his delightful travels in India, written in all the singleness of his benevolent heart, must convince any one acquainted with the character of the country and the native of India."

Griffinship, then, is the state of noviciate, the year of probation, of all the aspirants for rupees, nabobship, and the liver complaint, and is consequently rich in the ludicrous and grotesque. We like the idea of seizing on the Anglo-Indian manners, and impressing them for public amusement, for there is in the amusement an amount of information which we should be at a loss to seek elsewhere. Our "Griffin" commences by introducing himself in childhood, narrating his birth, parentage, and education, and having thus really excited a personal interest, we are prepared to accompany him on his voyage, and follow him through all the seasonings of his griffinship with hearty goodwill.

And in truth our author deserves a favourable hearing, not only for the spirit of hilarity and the invariable good-humour with which he encounters his various difficulties, but because this year's recital presents us with an accurate and faithful account of the manners of the luxurious East. The minutiae of domestic life, the arrangements of the dwelling and the table, the retinues of domestics, the amusements, every incidental thing which fills up the simple but crowded picture of the passing of the diurnal hours, all the various usages of the presidencies, together with spicy military detail—these supply us with a very welcome and agreeable view of the way in which our fellow-subjects contrive to make themselves happy under the warm sunbeams of the Orient. There is, too, a sort of unstudied reality in the style of the narrative which stamps its veracity. The incidents are too naturally put together for fiction to have any of the credit; and we like this the better, because we can award it the fuller confidence. There is a constant succession of new scenes, a great diversity of actors, and much new matter, in this work, the whole enlivened by a *bonhomie* which gives it its most interesting aspect.

Sir Robert Peel, and his Era : being a Synoptical View of the Chief Events and Measures of his Life and Times.

That the present Premier is a man of great talent and large resources, all parties are ready to allow. They who conscientiously differ may yet bear an honest enmity, not to men but measures; and in truth, it is not by underrating an adversary that most honour is gained by the victory. Men who attain power must have some of the ingredients of greatness in themselves, and thus it is that among the ranks of those enlisted under the banners of opposite politics, we recognise on either hand individuals of capacious mind and true integrity of purpose. Thus rendering unto every man "custom to whom custom, honour to whom honour, tribute to whom tribute," we desire to do justice to truth in all men, and so to honour honesty in all parties. Such a consideration of an Era as that which is now before us, opens to us views of the condition of a country at stated periods, in what degree it may be advancing in power and position; how science may be enlightening, and commerce working: but turning from these graver considerations to which an extract would not do justice, we transfer a lighter portion of the work to our own pages.

Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons.

"What time does Peel come down to the house?"

"Generally about five o'clock; he is very punctual. He will be here immediately. Oh, there he is, with papers in his hand, I suppose the copy of some newly-concluded commercial treaty. You will see him stand at the bar to catch the Speaker's eye, when, of course, he has not long to wait; though, if other matters are in the way, he must take his turn. Hark!

"Sir Robert Peel!"

"Papers, Sir, by command of Her Majesty."

"Bring them up."

"There, now, he is 'bringing them up.'"

"Does it not strike you, as he moves up the floor of the House, that there is a sort of *mauvaise honte* about him?—a thing that surprises me, considering his rather handsome person, address, and long usage of the House of Commons.

"Yes, but though reputed such a peculiarly cool, cautious man, he is, in temperament, very sensitive, and keenly alive to all the proprieties of morals and of manners. You see he is a florid man—sanguineous; and such men are frequently very attentive to externals, while 'black' or 'bilious' men, though just as full of SELF, are more apt to neglect manner, in their deeper meditation of matter.

"How old is Peel?"

"He approaches his fifty-fifth year, and, as you may perceive, is in the bloom of health, as well as the prime of life.

"Do you know anything of his domestic life—of Lady Peel, who she is, and what she is?"

"Not a bit; and if I had heard anything I would not repeat it. Ladies' maids, chambermaids, and footmen are the very worst appreciators of character: so far from being able to see below the surface, they do not even see the surface; and a man so quiet in his domestic habits as Sir Robert Peel can only be known through a medium which it would fowl a man to penetrate. As for Lady Peel, I only know what everybody knows—that she is the daughter of General Sir John Floyd; that he was married

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to her in 1820; that she is a quiet, unobtrusive lady; and said to be doatingly fond of her husband and her family.

"As for Sir Robert's oratory, what do you think of that?"

"It depends on your estimate and definition of oratory. As a *speaker*, Sir Robert Peel has no rival in the House of Commons.

"Why, what do *you* mean? I understand by an orator, a man who can talk well!

"No doubt, no doubt! But Sir Robert Peel is not a Burke, nor a Fox, nor a Canning: his understanding, though not very capacious, is excellent: and though rather slow to appreciate and acknowledge principles, he is not capable of doggedly persevering in a course against which his intellect protests. His eloquence is therefore a reflection of his character. His mind is not deep-toned, his oratory is not electric, he clothes no principles in burning words, emits no 'living thunders,' imprints no ineffaceable recollections. Yet he is really an admirable and accomplished public speaker—as such, unrivalled in the present House. The habits of his mind enable him to arrange his topics with great art, and to present them with exceeding clearness; in the language of Milton, 'his words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command, and in well-ordered files, as he would wish, fall aptly into their places.' His voice, though neither sonorous, nor capable of varied expression, is managed with much skill, and so rendered subservient to the speaker's purposes as to make him, if not a powerful, at least a delightful and exceedingly interesting talker.

"Sir Robert Peel knows that he is a capital speaker, and like a good singer, has no objection to a display. His tact and prudence restrain him from being unnecessarily intrusive: yet, if he could, he would reserve all the ministerial talking to himself. He enjoys the sensation of having to make a speech of some four hours in length, on introducing some new measure, with the House crowded with listening members, the strangers' gallery crammed, and the public impatient; and very likely his enjoyment of such a sensation as this compensates, in some degree, for any mortification arising from his having to propose a measure which he may have formerly opposed. Next to this, he greatly enjoys having to reply to opponents who may have laid themselves open to fair retort, or even to a dexterous quibble, or an ingenious rhetorical perversion. Let some blundering speaker make some awkward admission or obvious exaggeration—let some philosopher wander out of the ordinary track, and draw arguments for annual Parliaments from the annual revolution of the earth—then Sir Robert Peel treasures them all up, gives them a ludicrous turn, and with his face all wreathed with smiles, turns round to enjoy the bursting laughter and the ringing cheer which echo behind him. His enjoyment of this kind of thing has betrayed him into that habit of rhetorical evasion which has too much characterised his Parliamentary speeches, and procured for him the reputation of being the greatest master of plausibilities in the House of Commons. He is shaking off this habit, and taking fairer and therefore higher ground.

Cool, cautious, and collected, he can nevertheless be put into a passion. He can also simulate emotion tolerably well, either of sympathy or of indignation: but his fictitious and real passion are very different things. His general habits are those of great courtesy; and though occasionally manifesting what Lord Castlereagh might have called 'an ignorant impatience of being harassed,' he submits with much patience to much badgering in the shape of questions asked, or deputations waiting upon him.

"Such is Sir Robert Peel, now in the maturity of his powers, and enjoying more absolute authority as a prime minister than any of his predecessors in the same office since the days of Pitt. To whom shall we compare him? We cannot compare Sir Robert Walpole with Sir Robert

Peel, for the men in their individualities present striking contrasts. Sir Robert Walpole cared little for his personal dignity, provided that he could secure his object: Sir Robert Peel would rather let his object go, than have his personal dignity compromised. Both deserve the reputation of adroitness, but Sir Robert Walpole was singularly adroit in private, whereas Sir Robert Peel chooses only to be adroit in public. Sir Robert Walpole could cozen, cajole, and laugh at and laugh with his supporters while behind the scenes: Sir Robert Peel expects that his partisans will pay as much deference to him as he to them. Sir Robert Walpole was obtuse with reference to public opinion, but Sir Robert Peel is thin-skinned, and very sensitive as to his character and reputation.

"Yet one may fancy some points of resemblance. 'He was not,' says Burke, in his masterly character of Walpole, 'a genius of the first class, but he was an intelligent, a prudent, and a safe minister.' Hume, describing Walpole, while Walpole was in office, says, 'Sir Robert Walpole, prime minister of England is a man of ability, not of genius; good-natured, constant, but not magnanimous; moderate in the exercise of power, not equal in the engrossing of it.....The private character of the man is better than the public; his virtues more than his vices; his fortune greater than his fame. With many good qualities, he has incurred the public hatred; with good capacity, he has not escaped ridicule.' But take rather Professor Smyth's summing up of the character of Walpole:—'His intelligence and prudence enabled him, without the assistance of the more divine influence of genius, to see and provide for the interests of a commercial nation; and he perceived that he could assist the prosperity of his country effectually, by clearing away, as much as possible, the duties and impositions by which he found our commerce encumbered and impoverished. He found our Book of Rates [Tariff] the worst, and left it the best in Europe—a most important eulogium. We have here merit, and of a most solid nature; a man in a high station going through minute details and tediously disgusting examinations, and exerting his patience, his industry, and his talents, in a sort of silent and obscure drudgery, where, though they were exerted highly to the benefit of the community, they could not be exerted with that *éclat* to which they most assuredly were entitled."

Personal Narrative of the Campaigns in Affghanistan, Sind, Beloochistan, &c. Detailed in a Series of Letters of the late Colonel William H. Dennie, C. R., Lieut.-Col. of her Majesty's 13th Light Infantry Regiment, Aid-de-Camp to the Queen. With an Appendix, containing Colonel Dennie's Correspondence with Lord Keane, Sir Henry Fane, etc. Compiled and arranged by WILLIAM E. STEELE, M.D.

Strong feelings can never for any great length of time occupy and engross the public mind, any more than it can that of individuals. It is a happy condition of our nature, that emotion should subside as drop the crested waves of the sea; and thus benevolently has our constitution been arranged, that where the aids of religion and high principle are wanting, the passions exhaust and cure themselves. Grief grows calm, and hatred apathetic, without the intervention of any other aid than that of time. Thus it is that the ferment of public curiosity has subsided respecting the Indian wars; the mere blush of its novelty has passed away, but there remains a more stable and permanent interest, which cannot but keep its standing. History

puts in her claims, and thus all relevant matter has a stronger hold upon appreciation than mere curiosity could ever invest it with: it compensates in permanency what is lost in excitement. Thus it is that this little work, compiled from the authentic papers of one who was sharer and eye witness in what he describes, has a value which the best arranged hearsay evidence could never equal. Here is a credible witness of all that a soldier in active service could behold in the very midst of the scenes of warfare—one who himself led on our troops to victory, and shared in all the toil as well as the glory of a camp. Sorry indeed are we to note those indications of wounded feeling and frustrated hopes which embittered the peace of a brave man;—but his reputation survives him. This little work, naturally and unaffectedly written, and addressed not to the public, but his relatives, gives us many interesting details of the circumstances of the war. By its means we are enabled to fill in much of that picture which, without such aid, might remain indistinct; and therefore, to those who desire to complete, as far as possible, their knowledge of our Indian warfare, we recommend this book.

Something of the privations of our countrymen may be gathered from the following:

“Kandabar, June 15, 1839.

“The last letter I wrote to you was from Quettah, in the province of Shawl—the first place worthy of a name I came to after leaving the low lands of Sind, or the countries lying on the borders of the great Indus. We ascended from Dadur to that place through the Bolan Pass, an elevation of between five and six thousand feet, having previously traversed, at its foot, a long dreadful desert plain, from Shikarpore (or, to reckon correctly, from Roree on the banks of the Indus) to Dadur, of about one hundred and fifty miles. *Desert* will scarcely describe the aspect of that fearful tract, where no sign of animal or vegetable life is to be found; which the wild beast, from its desolation, shuns, and which is neither inhabited by bird nor insect: no sound whatever disturbs the awful silence; and as for the heat—you, God be praised, can form no conception of it: *I have escaped*, and can only tell you that I shudder to look back at what I and those with me underwent. The tract of country above described is by the nations of India considered the hottest in the world. The Persians and other Mohammedans hereabout have a saying to this effect, ‘Oh, Allah! wherefore make *hell* when thou hast made Dadur?’ The burning soil, the suffocating atmosphere, exceeds all credibility, and human life cannot long exist under it, but man perishes, literally *consumed*! Colonel Thompson, who commanded one of the regiments of my brigade, and who followed me a few days in the rear, died instantly in his tent; and Lieutenant Brady, of Her Majesty’s seventeenth foot, fell dead in the same manner—their bodies turning as black as charcoal. Between fifty and sixty persons of another convoy were suffocated by the breath of this same deadly simoom, which sweeps across the face of the desert at intervals, during the hot season, dealing destruction to all within its influence.

“I had told you of my having been left behind, with my brigade, at Shikarpore, of Sir John Keane having profited thereby, to relieve the Bombay army at our expense, by taking all our camels and provisions from us, which therefore kept us still longer in that dangerous position which others were anxious to fly from, and relieve themselves at our cost or expense—which was then considered as nothing less than that of our lives.

“The Bengal column felt nothing of these sufferings, for they advanced in February and March, and reached the cool and healthy table-land of

Affghanistan early in April. The Bombay column, supplying themselves from us, pushed on, reckless of our fate, the plea being, *to save the Europeans*; so that my command of a 'native' or black brigade became a punishment, or misfortune. Before I could proceed, or obtain carriage or food, which latter came in by dribbles, and which I could effect for four companies only, the month of May and the dreaded period had arrived. To give you a correct notion of the temperature, the thermometer stood, in the tent of a young officer, my aid-de-camp—a smaller one than mine, and termed a hill-tent—at one hundred and twenty-five degrees; in mine, which is one of the best and largest, at one hundred and eighteen and one hundred and twenty degrees. We were here compelled to halt for some days at certain stages, which have names in the map, but neither town, village, nor creature, to give reality to the fiction. We dug holes, five or six feet deep, in the ground, under our tents, and fastened wet blankets to the doors or apertures. These precautions, with wet towels round our heads, saved us. It seems a contradiction, after all I have stated, but the surrounding nations, who dread the heat as much at that time as ourselves, yet, in the hope of great plunder, poured down from the neighbouring hills, and, well mounted and armed, harassed our small bodies in the rear, who were escorting grain or treasure, which was the work allotted, of course, to us. In fact, from Shikarpore to Dadur, and all through the Bolan Pass, a long, continuous defile, of seven days' march, (but where I was dragging along ten days,) we had to fight our way the whole road. But here, thank God! I am at last, with my regiment, and the head-quarters or advance of the army, having arrived here a few days ago, with a treasure-party from Quettah or Shawl. By Sir John Keane assuming the command of the combined forces, Sir Willoughby Cotton has fallen back to the division, and Major-general Nott to that of my late brigade, (the second,) as I myself to that of my corps. Being, however, the next senior in the army, any casualty must restore me to a brigade; but pray, however, it may never be accompanied with the penalties I paid for such distinction: to be suffocated or burnt to charcoal, is any thing but a glorious death, or that of a soldier."

The Reminiscences of an Old Traveller throughout Different Parts of Europe, including Historical Details of the Russian Empire, and Anecdotes of the Court. By THOMAS BROWN, Esq.

When we read on a title-page these magical words—musical, most musical to the ears of an author—"Fourth Edition," we feel that in such a case "our occupation's gone." The public has set its seal to an author's value, and we have but to acquiesce in its decision. It is possible that occasionally we may be tempted into a little heresy on the justice of its judgments; but, on the whole, when the public has fair play, we are among those that think it generally right. Public opinion is usually on the side of truth; and in the present instance of its commendation of Mr. Brown's "*Reminiscences*," we have much pleasure in agreeing with it. We love to linger with an old traveller on the way, and the route through which we are here led is one of choice interest. Commendations, however, on a work which carries "Fourth edition" on its title-page would indeed be an act of supererogation; and we can only leave Mr. Brown with a hope that, in due time, we may receive another volume, bearing the still more emphatic words of "*Fifth Edition*" on its opening leaf.

Criticisms on Art, and Sketches of the Picture Galleries of England ;
By WILLIAM HAZLITT. With Catalogues of the principal Galleries
now first collected.

Hazlitt's character as a nice discriminator of the merit of works of Art need not now be canvassed : it is already too well established to need any "bush." We are here presented with his strictures on the various galleries which most enrich our country, and we can truly say that no man ought to walk through them, without having first prepared his mind for their higher appreciation by a perusal of this work. Hazlitt does not deal in technicals : he was a man of warm feeling, and of a warm heart. He *felt* a picture rather than *saw* it, and hence it is that those who are wholly ignorant of artistical terms or cant phrases, may read his book and comprehend his views, without fear of bewilderment in the mazes of scientific subtleties. The freshness of his feelings and the warmth of his energy are at once inspiring and invigorating, and cordially would we recommend all picture lovers to peruse these "Criticisms."

The following shows acute observation and great knowledge of the principles of the art :—

"Some painters fancy that they paint history, if they get the measurement from the foot to the knee, and put four bones^s where there are four bones. This is not our idea of it ; but we think it is to show how one part of the body sways another in action and in passion. The last relates chiefly to the expression of the face, though not altogether. Passion may be shown in a clenched fist as well as in clenched teeth. The face, however, is the throne of expression. Character implies the feeling, which is fixed and permanent ; expression that which is occasional and momentary, at least, technically speaking. Portrait treats of objects as they are ; history of the events and changes to which they are liable. And so far history has a double superiority, or a double difficulty to overcome, viz. in the rapid glance over a number of parts subject to the simultaneous action of the same law, and in the scope of feeling required to sympathize with the critical and powerful movements of passion. It requires greater capacity of muscular motion to follow the progress of a carriage in violent motion, than to lean upon it standing still. If, to describe passion, it were merely necessary to observe its outward effects, these, perhaps, in the prominent points, become more visible and more tangible as the passion is more intense. But it is not only necessary to see the effects, but to discern the cause, in order to make the one true to the other. No painter gives more of intellectual or impassioned appearances than he understands or feels. It is an axiom in painting, that sympathy is indispensable to truth of expression. Without it you get only caricatures, which are not the thing. But to sympathize with passion, a greater fund of sensibility is demanded in proportion to the strength or tenderness of the passion. And as he feels most of this whose face expresses most passion, so he also feels most by sympathy whose hand can describe most passion. This amounts nearly, we take it, to a demonstration of an old and very disputed point. The same reasoning might be applied to poetry, but this is not the place.

"Again, it is easier to paint a portrait than an historical face, because the head *sits* for the first, but the expression will hardly *sit* for the last. Perhaps those passions are the best subjects for painting the expression

of which may be retained for some time, so as to be better caught, which throw out a sort of lambent fire, and leave a reflected glory behind them, as we see in Madonnas, Christ's heads, and what is understood by sacred subjects in general. The violences of human passion are too soon over to be copied by the hand, and the mere conception of the internal workings is not here sufficient, as it is in poetry. A portrait is to history what still life is to portraiture: that is, the whole remains the same while you are doing it, or while you are occupied about each part, the rest wait for you. Yet, what a difference is there between taking an original portrait, and making a copy of one! This shows that the face in its most ordinary state is continually varying and in action. So much of history is there in portrait!"

The Garden Almanac, or Floral Calendar for 1843; being the third after Bissextile, or Leap Year, and the seventh of the reign of her present Majesty. The Horticultural Department by JOSEPH HARRISON, Editor of the "Horticultural Cabinet," "Gardener's Record," &c.

We are much pleased with this Garden Almanac. Every one who takes an interest in horticulture should possess it, since, while it answers all the purposes of other calendars, it serves the additional one of a remembrancer of all matters connected with vegetation. It is a perfect manual of floral duties, allotting to each day its sown needful performances; and in glancing over it we can only wonder how it was possible to lay down the work of a whole year with so distinct a brevity. After these daily specifications, follow more copious monthly instructions, making on the whole a very sufficient Garden Director and Instructor.

The Naturalist's Library. Ornithology. Vol. XIII. Nectariniadae, or Sun-Birds. By Sir WILLIAM JARDINE, Bart., F.R.S.E., F.L.S., etc. etc.

This truly national work is now approaching its completion, its remaining four volumes being promised by midsummer. Of those already published, thirteen have been devoted to Ornithology, three to Ichthyology, seven to Entomology, and thirteen to Mammalia; the four which are to come are to be devoted to British Birds and Fishes, and to the Fishes of Guiana, thus completing the whole forty volumes of a work of singular beauty and usefulness.

The present volume is devoted to the history of the Sun-Birds, those exquisite little gem-like beings, the living and floating jewels of the heavens. The illustrations are faithful and minutely accurate, and the volume is well worthy of its predecessors.

The Cold Water System : an Essay exhibiting the real merits and most safe and effectual employment of this excellent System in Indigestion, Costiveness, Asthma, Cough, Consumption, Rheumatism, Gout, &c., with Cautionary Remarks addressed to people of extreme opinions, and some New Cases. By THOMAS J. GRAHAM, M.D., Graduate of the University of Glasgow, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of London.

Dr. Graham, who is well known to the public by his previous valuable works on Medical Science, here enters on the consideration of the Water Cure, a subject which has recently excited much attention both in England and on the continent. With the caution which becomes the scientific investigator, Dr. Graham institutes the inquiry how far the system is entitled to consideration, and having, as he considers, ascertained its real value, he proves, in the work before us, its applicability, showing in what cases it may be available, and endeavouring, in the several diseases named in the title-page, to point out its proper limits. To those who are really desirous of information on the subject, we have no doubt Dr. Graham's book will prove a valuable assistant; for whilst, as we have said, he endeavours to assign to this powerful remedy its proper limits, his conclusions appear in many cases to be decidedly favourable to it. The auxiliaries to its employment are in these pages ably pointed out, and we think all who are really interested in the subject would do well attentively to peruse this valuable essay.

The Ladies' Work-table Book, containing clear and practical Instructions in Plain and Fancy Needle-work, Embroidery, Knitting, Netting, Crochet, and Tatting, with numerous Engravings, illustrative of the various stitches in those useful and fashionable employments.

Happily, the Ladies' Work-table is to be found in most English houses. If it is too much to call it the source, it may safely be pronounced the index of much of our domestic comfort; and we therefore hail with perfect cordiality every endeavour to facilitate pursuits so friendly to the culture of the home-born virtues. The work before us appears to be well adapted to this end. It contains, as its title imports, practical illustrations in the various kinds of needle-work, and these not drily given, but relieved by observations and reflections, which render the work really valuable and interesting. As a gift-book, we think this tasteful little volume deserving of all the favour which we anticipate for it.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Double Duel, by Theodore S. Fay, Esq., 3 vols. post 8vo. 18s. bds.

Sir Michael Paulet, a novel, by Miss E. Pickering, 2nd edit. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1/., 11s. 6d. bds.

The Tuft Hunter, by Lord W. Lennox, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.

- The Russian Campaign of 1812, translated by von Clausewitz, with a map, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cloth.
- The Money Lender, a novel, by Mrs. Gore, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.
- Titian, a Romance of Venice, by R. S. Mackenzie, L. L. D., 3 vols. post 8vo. 18s. bds.
- The Scottish Heiress, a novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. cloth.
- Memoirs of a Griffin, or a Cadet's First Year in India, by Capt. Bellew, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cloth.
- "Church Clavering, or the Schoolmaster," by the Rev. W. Gresley, 12mo. 4s. cl.
- Ranke's History of the Popes, translated by Kelly, Part II., medium 8vo. 4s.; ditto, complete in 1 vol. 12s. swd.
- Memoirs of the Life of the Rev. J. Williams, missionary, by the Rev. E. Prout, 8vo. 12s. cloth.
- English Country Life, by Martingale, post 8vo. 9s. cloth.
- History of Woman in England, by Miss Hannah Lawrence, Vol. I. post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cloth.
- Sir Robert Peel and his Era, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth.
- Collier's Shakspeare's Plays, Poems, &c. Vol. VII. 8vo. 12s. cloth.
- The Opinions of Sir R. Peel, by W. T. Healy, Esq. post 8vo. 12s. 6d. cloth.
- New Holland, its Colonization, Productions, and Resources, by Thomas Bartlett, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- Doings in China during the Years 1841-2, by Lieut. Alexander Murray, crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. cloth.
- Sigourney's Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands, 6 steel plates, fcap. 8vo. 6s. cl.
- The Year Book of Facts for 1843, fcap. 8vo. 5s. cloth.
- Life and Remains of Lucretia Davidson, by Miss Sedgwick, fcap. 8vo. 5s. cloth.
- Present State of Ecclesiastical Architecture in England, by A. Welby Pugin, 36 illustrations, 8vo. 9s. cloth.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Sir E. L. Bulwer's new work, "THE LAST OF THE BARONS," is now ready. We have had much pleasure in expressing our admiration of it in our present number. We predict for it a course of high popularity.

The Viscountess St. Jean's new work, "SKETCHES FROM A TRAVELLING JOURNAL," is now on the eve of publication. It will contain a number of beautiful drawings from her own pencil.

Mr. Fenton's volume of Poetry, and the new Tale entitled "RAYMOND," are now ready.

The new work, entitled "MAGIC AND MESMERISM," is in a forward state.

Mr. Montague Gore has in the press a third edition of his "LETTER TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON," on the affairs of India. This is the pamphlet, a copy of which, with the Marquis Wellesley's notes, sold for the enormous sum of ninety-one guineas, at the recent sale of the late Marquis's library. In the forthcoming edition the Notes will be inserted.

Lady Chatterton's new work is advancing. It will be embellished with a number of beautiful drawings, taken on the spot by Lady Chatterton.

March, 1843.—VOL. XXXVI.—NO. CXLIII.

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MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1842.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Jan.					
23	38-46	29.95-29.86	S. & S. by E.		Generally cloudy.
24	40-47	29.81-staty.	S.		Generally overcast, a little rain at night.
25	40-43	29.91-29.98	S.S.W.	.066	Except about noon, generally cloudy.
26	40-50	29.93-29.98	S.W.		Generally cloudy.
27	46-54	29.91-29.84	S.W.		Do.
28	49-56	29.69-29.80	S.W.		Do. till the evening.
29	47-54	29.87-29.80	S.W.		Do. Do.
30	55-44	29.68-29.80	S.W. & W.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
31	34-50	29.86-29.80	S. by W.		Generally cloudy, misting rain about noon.
Feb.					
1	44-53	29.83-29.78	S.W.	.1	Clear about noon, otherwise cloudy.
2	44-40	29.56-29.72	S.W.	.22	Raining during the morning, cloudy all day.
3	41-33	29.46-29.12	S.W. & N.W.		Morning clear. Hail and snow aft. and evening.
4	27-37	29.23-29.56	N.W. & N.		Do., and evg. clear. Sleet and snow about noon.
5	21-36	29.73-29.75	N.W.		Clear.
6	27-37	29.78-29.74	N. & N.W.		Mor. intervals of sunshine, aft. sleet and snow.
7	28-37	29.91-29.81	N.		Cloudy: snow afternoon, rain in the evening.
8	33-38	29.93-29.95	N.E.	.58	Cloudy.
9	34-38	29.89-29.84	N. by E.		Do., misting rain morning and evening.
10	32-40	29.82-29.76	N. by E. & N.		Generally clear.
11	30-42	29.78-29.90	N.		Cloudy.
12	31-41	29.94-29.97	N. by E.		Do.
13	25-30	29.95-29.85	N.E.		Clear. Sharp white frost.
14	17-39	29.66-29.55	S.W. & N.W.		Mor. clear, do- aft. cloudy, misting rain and sleet.
15	15-30	29.39-29.26	N. by W.		Cloudy, small snow frequently falling.
16	19-31	29.15-29.13	N.		Generally cloudy.
17	15-35	29.39-29.44	N. & N. by E.		Clear till the evening.
18	27-34	29.39-staty.	N.E.		Snow falling lightly generally through the day.
19	29-35	29.39-29.31	N.E.		Cloudy, misting rain afternoon.
20	33-39	29.25-staty.	E.	.615	Do. raining lightly throughout the morning.
21	35-49	29.34-29.30	E. & N. & E. & S.		Sun shining generally through light cirrus.
22	37-48	29.24-29.30	E. & S.E.	.17	Cloudy till the evening.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

It is with regret that we perceive that the more favourable aspect which our commercial affairs wore during the preceding month has been succeeded by a great degree of depression. In the iron trade the few sales that can be got up are at deteriorated prices, while the stocks on hand are accumulating. In the cotton trade, the masters still find a tolerable degree of employment for the men, though they complain of the sluggishness of the demand and the reduction of their prices. The large supply of cotton wool on hand has had the effect of keeping down its own price, and consequently of enabling the manufacturer to carry goods to market at lower rates than could otherwise have been possible. In the cloth market the feeling is also sluggish. In the East India produce, the market has been active, and prices fairly supported. The last sale of tea showed considerable activity, buyers having previously hung back until their stocks were exhausted, in expectation of a profitable change in the market, and consequently being compulsory purchasers. Other things remain as in our last report.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,
On Saturday, 25th of February.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 176.—India Bonds, 66s. pr.—Consols, 95 three fourths.—Three per Cents. Reduced, 96 three eighths.—Three and a Half per Cents. Reduced, 103 three eighths.—Exchequer Bills 1000*l.* 2*d.*, 67s. pr.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Colombian, 24 three eighths.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., 55 three fourths.—Spanish, Three per Cent. 27 five eighths.—Dutch 5 per Cents. 103.—Portuguese Converted, 40.—Brazilian Bonds, 75 one half.

MONEY MARKET.—The complaint of the want of favourable openings for the employment of capital still prevails. Even its investment in the Consols is more than usually unsatisfactory, as a fall in their value may more than balance the interest accruing. Neither can money be lodged in Exchequer Bills without the payment of a premium, thus deteriorating their annual returns of income. The amount of good acceptances in the market is so small that not more than from two to three per cent. per annum is required.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM JAN. 24, 1842, TO FEB. 17, 1843, INCLUSIVE.

Jan. 24.—T. G. Clarkson, Commercial-road, Lambeth, tanner.—J. Bear, Ramsgate, draper.—F. Rose, Watton, Hertfordshire, innkeeper.—A. Matthews, Robertsbridge, Salehurst, Sussex, apothecary.—J. Robertson, Liverpool, merchant.—T. Eyre, Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, corn-merchant.—A. Longstaff, Roughton, Lincolnshire, auctioneer.—T. Jones, Liverpool, coal dealer.—J. Pattison, Bridlington-quay, Yorkshire, saddler.—J. Lumley, Low-street, Yorkshire, common brewer.—J. Power and J. Wallace, Liverpool, merchants.—H. Parker, O. Shore, J. Brewin, and J. Rodgers, Sheffield, bankers.

Jan. 27.—A. Hay, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, coachmaker.—G. Cole, Bexley heath, grocer.—J. S. Gowing, Lowestoft, grocer.—J. Giltman, Stewkley, Buckinghamshire, grocer.—A. Winton, D. Winton, and J. Webber, Wood-street, Cheap-side, warehousemen.—J. Emson, jun., Sawbridgeworth, Hertfordshire, veterinary surgeon.—R. Payne, Hatton-wall, brass-founder.—J. Orbell, Brundon, Essex, miller.—T. Brightman, Spalding, apothecary.—J. Bancroft, Salford, Lancashire, grocer.—T. Simpson, Gateshead, Durham, painter.—C. Mottram, Liverpool, wool-broker.—S. Highfield, Liverpool, merchant.

Jan. 31.—F. Fenton, Little Peter-street, Westminster, grocer.—W. Woods, sen., and W. Woods, jun., Newgate-street, City, general hardwaremen.—R. Ames, Margate, linen draper.—W. H. Turner and T. B. Turner, Blackburn, cotton spinners.—J. Bradwell, York, ironmonger.—J. Ridsdale, Leeds, snuff merchant.—J. Jones, Liverpool, wine and spirit merchant.—D. Robertson, Liverpool, merchant.—R. Rymer, Manchester, house painter and plasterer.—T. Cartwright, Heaton Norris, Lancashire, banker.

Feb. 3.—F. J. Cutbush, Kennington, seedsman.—W. Marshall, Worthing, butcher.—A. Norton, Edward-street, Portman-square, upholsterer.—T. Herridge, Upper Wharton-street, Clerkenwell, builder.—W. Mays, Brigstock, Northamptonshire, feltmonger.—L. Robinson, Balingdon, Essex, millwright.—S. Presland, and H. J. Osbaldiston, Castle-court, Lawrence-lane, warehousemen.—I. Nowell, Huddersfield, carrier.—E. Cragg, Kendal, Westmorland, innkeeper.—H. Lane, Derby, innkeeper.—R. Whiston, Clun, Salop, shoemaker.—T. Knowles, D. Lewis, and E. Dodd, Dudley, foundrymen.—G. Thompson, Manchester, solicitor.—W. Moss, Kingston-upon-Hull, woollen draper.—T. Moss, Newport Grange, Yorkshire, brick maker.—C. Pickslay, Sheffield, merchant.—H. P. O. Shore, J. Brewin, and J. Rogers, Sheffield, bankers.—G. T. Caswell,

Birmingham, glass-dealer.—E. Ollerenshaw, Manchester, hat-manufacturer.—R. T. Cartwright, Louth, woollen-draper.

Feb. 7.—J. Overington, Arundel, plumber and glazier.—J. Rands, Southampton, boot and shoe dealer.—T. Berry, Lewes, brewer.—J. Van, Milton, next Gravesend, gold lace manufacturer.—T. Reynolds, Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate-street, merchant.—J. Walker, Hayfield, Derbyshire, grocer.—J. Goron, Liverpool, merchant.—W. Denver and W. Nixley, Liverpool, woollen drapers.—J. Wood, Beau Vale, Nottinghamshire, miller.—R. Elliot, Sheffield, merchant.—J. Elliot, Sheffield, merchant.—T. Walker, Kirkstall, Yorkshire, brewer.—W. Jones, Park, Glamorganshire, ship builder.

Feb. 10.—T. Pearson, Liverpool-road, Islington, builder.—J. and T. Whitclaw, Litchfield-street, Soho, carpenters.—E. Tribe, Bedford-street, Bedford-square, money scrivener.—J. Cooper, Sutton, Macclesfield, mercer.—R. Shepherd, Liverpool, bootmaker.—J. Barraclough, Bradford, timber merchant.—J. Spivey, Lepton, Yorkshire, provision dealer.—W. C. Thornton, Cleckheaton, Yorkshire.—A. Brain, Bedwelty, Monmouthshire, shopkeeper.—N. Dickenson, Manchester, dyer.—T. Joyce, Bristol, woollen draper.

Feb. 14.—D. Button, Albion-place, Battle-bridge, Islington, pawnbroker.—H. J. Smith, Globe Wharf, Surrey-canal, Old Kent-road, coal merchant.—H. Marklew, Henley-upon-Thames, Oxfordshire, innkeeper.—T. Norrington, Writtle, Essex, wheelwright.—H. Cooley and J. Thompson, Hastings, Sussex, tea dealers.—J. Bromwell, Northampton, builder.—J. B. Gibson, Northampton, linedraper.—G. Greatley, Hatton-garden, jeweller.—R. Simmon, Victoria-place, Hoxton Old Town, linedraper.—G. Fendall, Woodstock-street, butcher.—T. McEnteer, Liverpool, provision merchant.—W. W. Harvey, sen., and W. W. Harvey, jun., Mansfield, coachmakers.

Feb. 17.—J. De J. Pariente, Bury street, St. Mary-axe, merchant.—T. Patton, Swan-street, Newington, ironfounder.—T. Fawcett, Whipnade, Bedfordshire.—J. P. Davis, Bromley, innkeeper.—H. Z. Jervis, Moorgate-street, money scrivener.—J. Towne, George-street, Spitalfields, chocolate manufacturer.—A. Gregory, Dover, linen draper.—J. P. Cottrill, Worcester, grocer.—W. Dunn, Barnstaple, carrier.—J. Walton, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, saddler.—W. Adamson, Hexham, Northumberland, butcher.—J. Lewis, Fernhill, Salop, draper.—J. Sartain, Broughton Gifford, Wiltshire, cattle dealer.

NEW PATENTS.

A. G. Hull, of Clifford Street, Middlesex, Doctor of Medicine, for improvements in electrical apparatus for medical purposes, and in the application thereof to the same purposes. Dec. 28th, 6 months.

T. Thompson, of Coventry, Weaver, for certain improvements in weaving figured fabrics. Dec. 28th, 6 months.

H. Crosley, of the City of London, Civil Engineer, and G. Stevens of Limehouse, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the manufacture of sugar and the products of sugar. Dec. 28th, 6 months.

Edward Thomas, Lord Thurlow, of Ashfield Lodge, Ixworth, Suffolk, for an improvement or improvements in bits for horses and other animals. Dec. 29th, 6 months.

B. Bailey, of the borough of Leicester, Framesmith, for improvements in machinery employed in the manufacture of stockings, gloves, and other framework knitted fabrics. Dec. 29th, 6 months.

J. S. Bourlier, of Sherbon Street, Blandford Square, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery used in printing calicoes, silks, paper-hangings, and other fabrics. Dec. 29th, 6 months. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.

J. Rock, Jun., of Birmingham, Factor, for improvements in the construction of locks. Dec. 29th, 6 months.

H. S. Rush, of Sloane Street, Mechanic, for improvements in apparatus for containing matches for obtaining instantaneous light. Dec. 29th, 6 months.

Baron Victor de Wydroff, of Old Bracknell, Berkshire, for improvements in the construction of railways, and in wheels to run on railways, and in apparatus for clearing the rails. Dec. 29th, 6 months.

J. Bishop, of Poland Street, Westminster, Jeweller, for improvements in apparatus for portioning steam-power, and also improvements in plugs, cocks, or taps, for steam, gases, and liquids. Dec. 29th, 6 months.

C. Bailey, of Nant-y-Glo Iron-works, Monmouth, Esquire, for certain improved constructions of rails for tramways and railways. Jan. 11th, 6 months.

J. Harvey, Jun., of Regent Street, Goldsmith, for certain improvements in steam-engines. Jan. 11th, 6 months. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.

W. Ritter, of 106, Fenchurch Street, Gentleman, for improvements in crystalizing and purifying sugar. Jan. 11th, 6 months. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.

W. J. Loat, of Clapham, Builder, for an improved mode of constructing floors and roofs. Jan. 12th, 6 months.

J. E. D. Rogers, of Upper Ebury Street, Middlesex, Chemist, for certain improvements in the separation of sulphur from various mineral substances. Jan. 12th, 6 months.

P. A. Le Comte de Fontainemoreau, of Skinner's Place, Sise Lane, for a certain process or processes of combining clay with some other substances, for the producing of a certain ceramic paste, capable of being moulded into a variety of forms, and the application thereof to several purposes. Jan. 14th, 6 months. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.

J. Harvey, of Bazing Place, Waterloo Road, Timber-merchant, for improvements in paving streets, roads, and other places; some of which improvements are his own invention, and others have been communicated to him by a foreigner residing abroad. Jan. 14th, 6 months.

W. Snell, of Northampton Square, Gentleman, for improvements in machinery for the manufacture of farina. Jan. 14th, 6 months.

N. Card, of Manchester, Candle-wick manufacturer, for certain improvements in the manufacture of candle-wicks, and in the machinery or apparatus for producing such manufacture. Jan. 14th, 6 months.

H. H. Vivian, of Singleton, Glamorgan, Esquire, and W. Gossage, of Birmingham, Chemist, for certain improvements in treating or reducing ores of zinc; also, certain improvements in furnaces to be used for reducing ores of zinc, part of which improvements are applicable to other furnaces. Jan. 14th, 6 months.

J. Hamer, of Wardour Street, Engineer, for improvements in propelling vessels. Jan. 19th, 6 months.

Thomas, Earl of Dundonald, of Regent's Park, for improvements in rotatory or revolving engines, and in apparatus connected with steam-engines, and in propelling vessels. Jan. 19th, 6 months.

J. Kirkman, jun., of Soho Square, Pianoforte-manufacturer, for improvements in the action of pianofortes. Jan. 19th, 6 months.

T. W. Bennett, of Gray's-inn-road, Timber-merchant, for improvements in paving or covering roads, streets, and other ways or surfaces. Jan. 19th, 6 months.

L. Hebert, of Dover, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in machines for grinding and for dressing or sifting grain and other substances. Jan. 19th, 6 months.

W. Bates, of Leicester, Fuller and Dresser, for improvements in dressing and getting up of hosiery goods, comprising shirts, drawers, stockings, socks, gloves, and other looped fabrics made from merino, lamb's-wool, worsted, cotton, and other yarns, and in machinery for raising the nap or pile on the same. Jan. 19th, 6 months.

T. Sunderland, of Albany Street, Regent's Park, Esq., for improvements in moving floating bodies through water and air, and in accelerating the flow of water, air, and other fluids through shafts, pipes, and other channels. Jan. 19th, 6 months.

U. Clarke, of Leicester, Dyer, for certain improvements in frame-work knitting machinery, and a new kind of frame-work knitted fabric. Jan. 21st, 6 months.

F. A. Winsor, of Lincoln's-inn-fields, Barrister-at-law, for a new apparatus for the production of light. Jan. 26th, 6 months. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.

C. F. Bielefield, of Wellington Street North, Strand, Papier Maché Manufacturer, for improvements in suspending or hanging swing looking-glasses, and other articles requiring like movements. Jan. 26th, 6 months.

W. Palmer, of Sutton Street, Clerkenwell, Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of candles. Jan. 26th, 6 months.

H. Chapman, of Arundel Street, Strand, for a fabric for maps, charts, prints, drawings, and other purposes. Jan. 26th, 6 months.

F. McGetrick, of Ernest Street, St. Pancras, Artisan, and M. B. Tennant, of Henry Street, Regent's Park, Gentleman, for improvements in apparatus for preventing the engines and carriages from going off railways, and for removing obstructions on railways. Jan. 26th, 6 months.

E. Smallwood, of North Lodge, Hampstead, Gentleman, for improvements in covering roads, ways, and other surfaces. Jan. 26th, 6 months.

R. Goodacre, of Ullesthorpe, Leicester, Gentleman, for certain improvements in weighing apparatus applicable to cranes or other elevating machines, whereby the weight of goods may be ascertained while in a state of suspension. Jan. 26th, 6 months.

J. Boydell, jun., of Oak Farm Works, Dudley, Stafford, Iron Master, for improvements in the manufacture of metals for edge-tools. Jan. 26th, 6 months.

G. P. Bidder, of Great George Street, Westminster, Civil Engineer, for an improved mode of cutting that kind of slate commonly called roofing slates, though sometimes used for other purposes. Jan. 26th, 6 months.

W. J. Greenstreet, of Blackfriars-road, Gentleman, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for producing or obtaining motive power. Jan. 26th, 6 months.

J. Kirby, of Banbury, Gentleman, for an improved apparatus for manufacturing bricks, tiles, and other articles from clay or earthy materials. Jan. 26th, 6 months.

G. P. Baily, of 146, Fenchurch Street, London, Brush Maker, for certain improvements in brushes. Jan. 26th, 6 months.

H. Phillips, of Exeter, Chemist, for improvements in removing impurities from coal-gas for the purposes of light. Jan. 26th, 6 months.

M. J. Roberts, of Brynycaron, Carmarthen, Esq., for improvements in dyeing wool and woollen fabrics. Jan. 26th, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

HOUSE OF LORDS, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2.

PARLIAMENT was this day opened by commission. The Lords Commissioners were the Lord High Chancellor, Lord Wharncliffe, the Duke of Buccleuch, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Earl of Shaftesbury.

The Lord Chancellor read the following most gracious speech :—

" MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

" We are commanded by her Majesty to acquaint you, that her Majesty receives from all Princes and States assurances of a friendly disposition towards this country and of an earnest desire to co-operate with her Majesty in the maintenance of general peace.

" By the treaty which her Majesty has concluded with the United States of America, and by the adjustment of those differences which, from their long continuance, had endangered the preservation of peace, her Majesty trusts that the amicable relations of the two countries have been confirmed.

" The increased exertions which, by the liberality of parliament, her Majesty was enabled to make for the termination of hostilities with China, have been eminently successful.

" The skill, valour, and discipline of the naval and military forces employed upon this service have been most conspicuous, and have led to the conclusion of peace upon the terms proposed by her Majesty.

" Her Majesty rejoices in the prospect, that by the free access which will be opened to the principal marts of that populous and extensive empire, encouragement will be given to the commercial enterprise of her people.

" As soon as the ratifications of the treaty shall have been exchanged, it will be laid before you.

In concert with her allies, her Majesty has succeeded in obtaining for the Christian population of Syria the establishment of a system of administration which they were entitled to expect from the engagements of the Sultan, and from the good faith of this country.

" The differences for some time existing between the Turkish and Persian governments had recently led to acts of hostility; but as each of these states has accepted the joint mediation of Great Britain and Russia, her Majesty entertains a confident hope that their mutual relations will be speedily and amicably adjusted.

" Her Majesty has concluded with the Emperor of Russia a treaty of commerce and navigation, which will be laid before you. Her Majesty regards this treaty with great satisfaction, as the foundation for increased intercourse between her Majesty's subjects and those of the Emperor.

" Her Majesty is happy to inform you that complete success has attended the recent military operations in Afghanistan. Her Majesty has the greatest satisfaction in recording her high sense of the ability with which these operations have been directed, and of the constancy and valour which have been manifested by the European and native forces.

" The superiority of her Majesty's arms has been established by decisive victories on the scenes of former disasters, and the complete liberation of her Majesty's subjects who were held in captivity, and for whom her Majesty felt the deepest interest, has been effected.

" We are commanded by her Majesty to inform you that it has not been deemed advisable to continue the occupation, by a military force, of the countries to the westward of the Indus.

" GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

" Her Majesty has directed the Estimates for the ensuing year to be laid before you. Such reductions have been made in the amount of the naval and military force as have been deemed compatible, under present circumstances, with the efficient performance of the public service throughout the extended empire of her Majesty.

" MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

" Her Majesty regrets the diminished receipts from some of the ordinary sources of revenue.

" Her Majesty fears that it must be in part attributed to the reduced consumption of many articles, caused by that depression of the manufacturing industry of the country which has so long prevailed, and which her Majesty has so deeply lamented.

" In considering, however, the present state of the Revenue, her Majesty is assured that you will bear in mind, that it has been materially affected by the extensive reductions in the Import Duties, which received your sanction during the last session of Parliament, and that little progress has been hitherto made in the collection of those taxes which were imposed for the purpose of supplying the deficiency from that and other causes.

"Her Majesty feels confident that the future produce of the Revenue will be sufficient to meet every exigency of the public service.

"Her Majesty commands us to acquaint you, that her Majesty derived the utmost gratification from the loyalty and affectionate attachment to her Majesty, which were manifested on the occasion of her Majesty's visit to Scotland.

"Her Majesty regrets that in the course of last year the public peace in some of the manufacturing districts was seriously disturbed, and the lives and property of her Majesty's subjects were endangered by tumultuous assemblages and acts of open violence. The ordinary law, promptly enforced, was sufficient for the effectual repression of these disorders. Her Majesty confidently relies upon its efficacy, and upon the zealous support of her loyal and peaceable subjects, for the maintenance of tranquillity.

"We are commanded by her Majesty to acquaint you that measures connected with the improvement of the law, and with various questions of domestic policy, will be submitted for your consideration.

"Her Majesty confidently relies on your zealous endeavours to promote the public welfare, and fervently prays that the favour of Divine Providence may direct and prosper your counsels, and make them conducive to the happiness and contentment of her people."

After prayers were read, the Lord Chancellor adjourned the House until five o'clock, when, on the motion of the Duke of Wellington, the Select Vestries Bill was read a first time, *pro forma*.

Feb. 2.—The Earl of Powis moved the address, which was seconded by the Earl of Eglinton. Some conversation ensued respecting the Eastern wars.—Earl Stanhope gave notice of a motion for Thursday, for considering the condition of the productive classes.—The address was agreed to.

Feb. 3.—No House.

Feb. 4.—No House.

Feb. 6.—Lord Brougham gave notice of a motion for the next day, relative to the Ashburton Treaty. The Marquis of Clanricarde moved for returns relative to the working of the Poor Law in Ireland, which were ordered. Lord Cottenham laid on the table two bills; one relative to the Arrest for Debt, and the other to the law of Debtor and Creditor. Lord Denman again brought forward the Law of Evidence Bill, which was read a first time.

Feb. 7.—Lord Monteagle gave notice that he intended to move on the 23rd of this month, for a select committee to inquire into the operations and effect of the Corn Laws. Lord Campbell moved that the papers relating to the Church of Scotland, should be laid on the table of the house. Lord Denman made a motion on the bill for improving the Law of Evidence, which was read a second time.

Feb. 8.—No house.

Feb. 9.—The Law of Evidence Bill went through committee, and was ordered for a third reading. Earl Stanhope brought forward his motion for a committee to inquire into the present state of the Working Classes, with a view to providing them with profitable employment; after some conversation the house divided, and the motion was rejected by a majority of 25 to 4.

Feb. 10.—The Law of Evidence was read a third time and passed.

Feb. 11.—No House.

Feb. 13.—Lord Campbell, according to motion, moved that a select committee be appointed to consider the Law of Defamation and Libel, which was agreed to. The Attorneys' and Solicitors' Bill was read a second time.

Feb. 14.—The Duke of Wellington proposed that their Lordships should express their approbation of the services of her Majesty's fleet and army, through which, in China, such important results had been obtained. The resolution was carried unanimously.

Feb. 15.—No House.

Feb. 16.—Nothing of importance.

Feb. 17.—Nothing of importance,

Feb. 18.—No House.

Feb. 20.—The Duke of Wellington moved certain resolutions relative to the army lately employed in Affghanistan, which gave rise to much debate, but were at length carried unanimously.

Feb. 21.—Lord Clanricarde spoke of the New House of Parliament, and the present inconvenience to which the members were subjected. He proposed that a portion of the new building should be finished as soon as possible, for their Lordships' accommodation.

Feb. 22.—No House.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Feb. 2.—Several new members were sworn, and new writs issued for vacant seats.—Lord Courtney moved the address.—Conversation then ensued on Lord Ellenborough's East India Governorship, America, and the present distress of the country. The address was then carried unanimously.

Feb. 3.—Lord Courtney brought up the report upon the address in answer to the speech from the Throne, which after some conversation was agreed to.—Mr. Hume moved for returns of the quantity of Sycee silver imported into this country from China, with the loss or profit arising from sending it to the Mint instead of selling it in the market on its arrival. The motion in an amended form was agreed to.

Feb. 4.—No House.

Feb. 5.—Mr. Tufnel moved for leave to bring in a bill to disfranchise Sudbury, which was supported by Sir Robert Peel, and the bill was read a first time.

Feb. 7.—Sir Charles Napier moved for returns of the quantity of corn imported from the United States, Egypt, and the ports of the Black Sea, since the passing of the new Corn Law Bill, which was ordered.

Feb. 8th.—No House.

Feb. 9th.—Mr. Vernon Smith moved for a copy of any despatch from the Governor-General of India to the Court of Directors, containing a proclamation addressed to the chiefs and princes of India, respecting the recovery of the gates of the temple of Somnauth, a motion which caused much discussion on the conduct of Lord Ellenborough, after which it was agreed to.

Feb. 10.—Nothing of importance.

Feb. 11.—No House.

Feb. 13.—The House went into Committee on the subject of the forged Exchequer bills. Mr. Goulburn explained the views of government respecting them, which were that it was responsible to the amount of £262,000. The Medical Charities Bill was read a second time.—Lord Howick rose to move a Committee of the whole House for considering the depression of manufacturing industry, and the distress of the country, with a view to determine whether some legislative interference might not accomplish some relief for the people—much discussion on the motion.

Feb. 14.—Lord Stanley proposed a motion of thanks to the officers and men employed in the naval and military operations in China. The vote was passed, including by name, Sir Hugh Gough, Sir W. Parker, Sir Gordon Bremer, and Generals Lord Saltoun, G. Burrell, Sir R. Bartley, and Sir J. H. Schoede.—Mr. Hamilton, the newly-elected representative of the University of Dublin, took the oaths and his seat.—The adjourned debate on the distress of the country was resumed, and after much discussion was again adjourned.

Feb. 15.—Lord Howick's motion again resumed and adjourned.

Feb. 16.—Nothing of importance.

Feb. 17.—The Forged Exchequer Bills Bill was read a second time.—The Personation of Voters' Bill was read a second time. The House went into Committee on the Transported Convicts' Bill, which passed through Committee. Lord Howick's motion resumed, upon which there was much discussion and excitement, in consequence of a speech from Mr. Cobden, in which he said that he held Sir R. Peel individually responsible for the distress of the country. The House divided—For the motion, 191; against it, 306.

Feb. 18.—No House.

Feb. 20.—Sir S. Spry took the oaths and his seat for Bodmin.—The Lancaster and Preston Junction Railway Bill was read the second time.—The London Cemetery Bill was also read a second time.—Sir R. Peel moved that a vote of thanks should be given to the Governor-General of India, and to the officers and men employed in Afghanistan. The motion was carried unanimously, with the exception of one resolution concerning Lord Ellenborough, to which Mr. Hume objected.—The House resolved itself into Committee on the forged Exchequer Bills.—The Sudbury Disfranchisement Bill was read a second time.—The Registration Bill and the Turnpike Roads Bill were both read a first time.

Feb. 21.—Mr. Duncombe brought forward his motion of censure on Chief Baron Abinger on the manner in which he had discharged his duty as Judge during the Special Commissions at Lancaster and Chester. On the division of the House, there appeared for the motion, 73; against it, 228.

Feb. 22.—The Forged Exchequer Bills Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Coroners' Inquest Bill was likewise read a third time and passed.